THE NEW HIPPODROME BALLET UNDER REHEARSAL

DEMONSTRATING WITH THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL'S FOOT.

A Glimpse of It Without the Fairy Effects

What the Ballet Master Says About American Dancers

COSTUME TO BE WORN BY THE HORSEBACK BALLET.

For a special instance of patience it is recommended that the seeker look at the rehearsal of the coming ballet for the big Hippodrome, which is said, by the magnitude of its enterprise, to be casting a deep shadow along the Rialto.

More than 200 girls take part, and the grappling hook of the management has reached out to Paterson, Staten Island, Sheepshead Bay, Montclair, and incidentally to Sweden, Germany, Italy, France and Russia for material.

All nations and types are represented. There are brunettes in many shades; decided and undecided blondes; there are tall girls and short girls, old girls and girls not so old; fat girls and thin girls. They call the fat muscle and the bones lines in Balletville, but it comes to the same thing.

Anything that is feminine and has the normal equipment of limbs need not fear to apply; incidentally, one does not have to say "limb" in Balletville, for the manager points to one and another dancerine and nominates them as "the girl with the red legs," "the girl with green legs" and so on, which may be startling to the novice, but is easier for the maker of the Social Register of Balletville.

The costumes in this rehearsal are as varied as the nationalities, and are comical enough to deserve a special paragraph, even if one has to destroy the illusion that ballet girls practise in tarletan skirts and silken hose, in Cinderella slippers and with spangled wands and floating wings.

There seems only one rule of uniformity. This is that the anatomy, from knee to toe, shall be unimpeded by drapery. Above that, each to her choice.

There is one girl in a red sweater and the short blue skirt of a last season's bathing suit; perhaps there is a hypnotic suggestion in the latter, for in the interval of waiting she makes furtive plunges into an unseen sea, shaking imaginary brine from her shoulders as she emerges, barely escaping collision with one of the other girls, who, attired in a three-quarter coat, bloomers and gray stockings, is practising the split with an abandon which threatens imminent dislocation.

Later they will appear in gauze and spangles, in tiaras and coronets, will carry wands and wreaths and appear ageless as angels, but this is the work a day time, the strenuous cause which precedes the artistic effect, and as they move across the big floor in groups of two, three or more, or practise a *pas suel* in different parts of the room, they seem more curious than beautiful.

There is one other mark of uniformity in the costumes besides want of length, and that is the small protuberance which in stocking of silk, lisle or cotton, as the case may be, proclaims the locale of the ballet girl's bank. They all wear this little wad, a habit, it is said, perplexing to sneak thieves.

Every lump in a ballet stocking, however, does not necessarily mean bank notes. Occasionally a powder puff is quite visibly evident, and one of the corps de ballet is the envy of her sisters, carrying, as she does, a genuine Klondike nugget thrown on the stage when as *première danseuse* in a Western town she pirouetted her way to the admiration of the mining fraternity.

The difference in size of the ballet girls is another interesting fact to note. Some of them are below 5 feet and weigh less than a hundred pounds; again there are many in the number who tip the scales at more than 150 pounds and stand 5 feet 7 in their heelless shoes.

"Continued exercise does not reduce the weight," says the ballet master, "though there is a belief to that effect. It changes fat into muscle, but the muscle weighs more and there is no appreciable difference in appearance."

MONEY IN IT.

That truth may seem unpalatable to believers in home gymnastics, but they may solace themselves with the further fact that such exercises are rarely "continued" ones, and so really do not have the same results.

One of the pony ballet arrayed in a short tarletan skirt, a remnant of footlight days, says unblushingly: "I am 110 pounds on the scales in my costume and ninety-eight without it."

A ha-ha from the lookers-on at the costume named causes her to turn a pirouette and run away abashed.

Names of one and another are repeated and their owners pointed out. They are names apparently well known in Balletville. Pessione, Camp, Onaldi, La Monte, the sisters Porlawski, Jessie Davis—who enjoys the distinction of being the best American dancer in the corps—and many more. Some have danced at La Scala, in Milan; at the Grand Opera House, Paris; in Berlin, and at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The majority are experienced in their profession, while the awkward squads are distributed in the back rows, where they will receive less money and at the same time be less conspicuous.

"We have no system of fines, as in the smaller ballets in musical comedies, for a girl can drop out here without spoiling the general effect," says the manager. "If a girl does drop out or is late she loses her place and incidentally her pay for the evening, so we shall have little cause for complaint.

"We obtained the girls through agencies, by advertising and by means of those already engaged, who always have friends in the profession. It is not difficult to pick up even such a big number, but it is very difficult to get the quality. We are weeding out every day."

A short, stumpy girl is pointed out who holds her body badly, and is clumsy and heavy in her motions, although her weight would not warrant this awkwardness. It is an inherited awkwardness from ancestors whose daily life took them far afield from the floor of a stage.

"She will have to go; will probably be told to-day. We have somebody all ready to fill in.

"One of the worst things we have to contend with is what you might call the 'Steal Trust.' The managers all about town have their eyes on this corps of girls, and occasionally tempting offers are made, and the temptation is yielded to, but we get even by stealing in our turn from them, so it's a mutual steal, after all, as most steals are if you know both sides of the story."

ROMEO TRAINING THE BALLET OF THE HOURS.

While the ballet corps are waiting for the teacher, Manuel Klein, who is to lead the Hippodrome orchestra, plays some of the music, "Mars National Anthem," "Tattoo," "Aurora Borealis," while he interpolates an explanation of the change in orchestral methods from the regularly received impressions of the circus band.

"It is all very well to send out a brass band with a country circus, but for a place like the Hippodrome it would be an insult to the public intelligence. People like blare all right, but they like something else, too. They like light and shade and delicate effects; there is nothing they get tired of so quickly as mere noise. We shall have instruments of all kinds, brass, wood and wood wind, and can make the shading of a solo violin distinctly heard."

While the ear is attentive, the eye is attracted by the picturesque groups of the corps de ballet, for the sound of music to a ballet girl is like the smell of powder to a warhorse, and in their hours of ease they limber up by keeping hands and feet going to the sounds of Mr. Klein's busy fingers.

All the ballet steps of tradition and modernity are practised while the notes of the piano play gay two-steps, marches and improvised melodies. The pianist is not the only improvisator, and graceful combinations, unknown in ballet annals, are delighting the eye, when suddenly the door at the end of the hall opens and, as if by effect of a concealed battery, in a second every girl in the corps is in place ready

MR. KLEINE AT THE PIANO.

for the lesson, while Romeo, the famous ballet teacher, takes his place facing them with uplifted hand and baton of authority.

It is the well known ballet of the Hours from "La Gioconda" that is to be rehearsed. Already every delicate shade of meaning, every possible interpretation has been explained, so that not only the feet and arms, but the soul and mind as well may respond, as the symbolic dance is presented by graceful gestures and flying feet for the delectation of thousands of coming spectators.

It is well for those who love grace, to whom the harmony of motion has a distinct note of joy, to see the completed ballet when beautiful costumes, entrancing music and the perfection of past effort lend their aid to a spectacle where eye, ear and mind are satiated with beauty, but if one would know how grace alone—grace devoid of all external means—can still dominate, one must see it when it depends on its own efforts, not on the aid of sister arts to entrance. That is the satisfaction one gets from watching this particular corps de ballet which begins so uncouthly and ends so triumphantly.

The grace of trained limbs, of motions in accord, of the harmony of concerted movement cannot be hid. Occasionally there is an inexperienced step, a motion out of tune, but it is soon lost sight of as another figure, held erect, with uplifted head and arms raised, swings into the field of vision, soaring like a triumphant Victory.

There is only a word now and then from Romeo, for the ballet, known to many of the corps and already in the third week of its rehearsal, goes on smoothly to its finish.

The lines of advancing figures look sometimes like the busy threads of a shuttle which are being woven into some fanciful design, sometimes like the filaments of a spider's thread, sometimes like the ripples on the shore as the waves advance and retreat. The busy footsteps in their heelless slippers are like the notes of music as they unlock the door of fancy to all sorts of weird imaginings.

Groups of Hours, the Morning, Twilight, Evening, Night, each represented by its respective group of girls, swing across the space allotted to spectators, down the wings and up the centre in airy flight. The black hours creep along stealthily, and as they are quickly followed by the airy touches of the early dawn, the lines come into mind:

Night's candles are burned out, and jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top.

The voice of Fred, the timekeeper, breaks the silence as he leans over to say:

"You'll notice that the girls from Paterson and Staten Island do that early morning hour act all right. It comes natural."

Then with a chuckle he straightens up to hear the excuse of a late arrival.

Romeo, who has been the teacher for more corps de ballet than he would admit, talks about his work, in a polyglot language which reminds one of the perplexing steps he teaches.

"My ideal for a ballet girl? I have none. For such a spectacle as that to be given in the new Hippodrome I should say the larger girl was the most desirable, for she is the most effective. In choosing a ballet corps there is something to consider besides the girl herself. There is the size of the stage, the size of the house, the distance of the ballet from the audience and all that. There are many small dances where a small girl is preferable, but so that a girl is well formed, graceful and with some soul I am satisfied."

"Soul?"

"Certainly. The idea that the ballet merely requires graceful movements is erroneous. There must always be in the successful danseuse a corresponding facial expression, for every motion in the ballet, properly taught, has a soul interpretation. I have often known ballet dancers who were not beautiful, and even had forms not specially graceful, to please an audience because their faces when they danced, the touch of soul they gave, pleased more than merely harmonious movements."

Romeo calls a small ballet girl, gowned in white, with red shoes, to him and lifts her foot in his hand.

"Here is an ideal foot for a ballet dancer. It must not be long. The short foot when the toes are bent to permit the dancer to stand on the extreme tips takes the weight in the proper place. The long, narrow foot, on the contrary, throws the weight in the wrong place and the dancer soon becomes exhausted.

"The new style of ballets, the up to date dances?"

Romeo gives a look of disgust.

"There is no such a thing as an up to date dance, or an up to date anything, for that matter. Dances, like other things, move in circles and never really change. The great science of ballet dancing never has altered and never will alter. Its technique is as unchangeable as that of any other art, and there will always be the cultivated few who will know it and appreciate it, while there will be many who will look at hastily prepared, badly executed dances, their mistakes hidden by calcium lights and floating scarfs, and will talk about the up to date dances."

He says that the American girl is quickest but she is without ambition so far as real art is concerned. When she has reached a point where she is mistress of a few steps and a manager comes along and offers her a place in a company for $15 or $20 a week, that is all she wants.

"I might make premiere danseuses out of many of them had they the inclination," says Romeo.

The "Ballet of the Hours" has, at the last rehearsal, taken eleven minutes, and they practice now to reduce it to eight. "We must do it," says the stage manager, "to give the rest of the programme time. In the hippodrome performance, time is every thing."

The raised eyebrow of Romeo seems to say that is so American—to run the risk of spoiling the effect of a ballet to make room, perhaps, for a juggler.

THE SOUTHERNER IN NEW YORK

TOWN WAYS THAT SEEM LIKE SAVAGE UNFRIENDLINESS.

Southern Women Especially Complain of the Indifference of Their New York Sisters—A Tale of a Church Meeting and Another About a Luncheon.

New York life is a tyrant that soon moulds into its own form that great part of the population which comes here from other cities. The rough edges of habit and rearing are soon rubbed off. After a while only an occasional peculiarity of pronunciation reveals that the origin of the speaker was more or less remote from Manhattan Island.

Perhaps the Southerners who come here find it most difficult of all at first to get along in their new surroundings. They come from small cities in most cases and are impulsive, cordial and hospitable to an extent that the native born New Yorker scarcely ever attains and is in no case willing to reveal. However hospitable the New Yorker may be, he does not show it with the frankness of the Southerner on his first arrival in New York.

The Southerner discovers this dissimilarity of temperament at a time when he is going through the pangs of homesickness. He is apt to feel that the traits of New Yorkers take on an almost savage unfriendliness.

"Just to think," said a young woman who has been in New York for only a short time, "I have been living in this house six months with seventeen other families, and not a single person has come to call on me.

"We don't even speak when we meet in the elevator, although I did try to be cordial to a few of them when I first moved in. They glared at me as if I were trying to butt into the sanctity of their families and they did not propose to have anything of the kind.

"One young woman was very nice to me and really smiled three times in one week when we met. I almost felt that I had made my first intimate friend. She wasn't so friendly though, as I thought.

"At home when we have anything very good to eat we always like to send some of it in to the neighbors. I've got such a good cook from home, and she makes such delicious hot rolls that I sent some in last Sunday morning to the apartment of the friend who used to smile at me in the elevator.

"But if I ever do anything of that kind again I reckon I'll deserve whatever happens to me. Do you know that woman sent the bread back with a message that she thought there must have been some mistake, as her rolls had been delivered by the baker early in the morning and she couldn't imagine how I should be sending bread to her.

"I never felt so insulted in my life. The next time we met in the elevator neither one of us spoke.

"If such an apartment house as this was in the South we would all know one another, in addition to everybody else who lived on the block. If we didn't know them before we would go and call upon them as soon as they came in the neighborhood, unless there was something wrong about them.

"I said to the janitor of the apartment one day that I thought it was queer that people did not call upon one another when they moved in. He gave me a strange look for a minute, and then said he didn't believe that any two families in the house knew each other, and he never heard of anybody calling just because they lived in the same house. That's New York for you."

Some of the women who come to New York from the South with the intention of making friends find it not so easy under those circumstances as it might seem, merely because most New Yorkers have friends enough of their own, and are not likely to become interested in other persons merely because of their attractive character. Where wealth and social importance are involved and strangers are in a position to entertain or to be in other ways advantageous their welcome is likely to be different. Few of the immigrants in New York are wealthy. They usually come here to make their fortunes and are able to supply only their natural attractiveness.

"I brought letters from a clergyman whom I had known all my life," another woman said, "and he was perfectly well acquainted with my position. I joined one of his guilds at his suggestion, and there the principal women of this parish were most active.

"I went to the first meeting and was introduced to the president. She bore a very well known New York name, and shook hands with me with some cordiality. The rest of the women were all present, and after a while the meeting began.

"None of them addressed a remark to me. I sat like a bump on a log till the whole proceedings were over. Then I got up and left without even getting a nod from the president.

"Naturally, I never went back any more, but I told the clergyman that I was not in the habit of being treated that way. He expressed surprise and wanted to know what I expected. I told him I thought that as a newcomer I ought to have been introduced to the women in the guild. They should at least have paid some attention to me.

"'Oh, I don't believe half those women ever see one another outside the guild room,' he said. 'They belong to different sets of society, and they meet only for church work. You shouldn't feel offended, as they are in much the same situation as you.'

"I never went back, however, as I did not want to make the mistake of being associated, even in church work, with people who might be afraid to speak to me outside.

"That experience was not nearly so bad as my first call upon a woman in New York who had been asked to visit me. When I came home from that I cried for half an hour. I really felt that an awful slight had been put on me.

"I went to this woman's house and she was quite alone. Immediately two or three other women arrived. We sat around talking, but she did not introduce me to a single one of them. We spoke occasionally, and I felt myself getting redder and redder in the face because she should not consider me worth an introduction to her friends.

"After I learned that the practice of not introducing callers was customary in New York in some houses, I never felt any personal mortification over it afterward, but I always make it a point to introduce women who come to see me now, especially if one of them happens to be a stranger in New York.

"One of the first entertainments I went to when I first came to New York was a luncheon, to which I was invited by a woman to whom I brought letters. She was quite a big bug, so I went, expecting to find a large party.

"I felt quite indignant, therefore, when I discovered that I was the only guest. Perhaps I hadn't my senses all about when we sat down to luncheon with two men to wait on us, and when a cup was put down in front of me apparently filled with tea, I asked one of the men for some sugar.

"'That is bouillon,' said the hostess, looking at me rather curiously.

"'I know it,' I replied, 'I always take sugar in my bouillon.'

"The woman looked still more feazed than I felt after putting a spoonful of sugar into the cup. The taste of the mess was fearful, but I determined to stick it through.

"She had been patronizing enough asking me to luncheon alone, when she knew it was her duty to have invited other guests to meet me. Drinking that bouillon, though, was a fearful test of one's pluck. But I was not going to let that old thing take a rise out of me."

Value of Opals Depends on Colors.

From the Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

Veins of opals are usually met with in soft formations, where nothing above ground indicates their presence. The search for them, therefore, often requires considerable time. But it is not extremely difficult, for opals are generally found near the surface. Indeed, it was thought for a long time that they were not to be found as deep as twelve feet below the surface. This opinion has, however, given way in the light of evidence, because opals of great value have been discovered at a depth of fifty feet.

The value of opals depends upon several considerations, of which the principal one is the color. It is important that they should be bright and not present streaks or spots alternating with uncolored substance. The most valuable are those which have red fires or mixtures of red and yellow, blue and green. Opals of a single tint are of little value, unless the tint is particularly striking and the figure beautiful. Indeed, one of the essential qualities of the opal is the arrangement of the figure, which sets off strikingly the hue of the stone.

When the figure is quite regular and distinct it is the more valuable, much less so when the grain is quite small and irregular. Sometimes the color appears as a single blaze, or with figures regularly spaced. It may then be of a fine ruby red and is much sought after, but oftenest the uniform tint is only green or reddish and has but little brilliancy to speak of.

The cutting is very important for the opal; thus a thick stone will be much less beautiful than a thin stone, which, on losing part of its volume, loses also the figure. The foundation tint contributes much to the beauty. It ought to be transparent, slightly milky and harmonize fully with the different reflections of the opal, which, when it is really beautiful, presents a variety of hues infinitely pleasing to the eye.

HE HUNTED WITH ROOSEVELT

TEXAN WHO FOUND THE FUTURE PRESIDENT NO TENDERFOOT.

It Was in the Days When Mr. Roosevelt Was a Civil Service Commissioner and Was Seeking Sport Among the Wild Hogs—How He Astonished Cowboy Waite.

AUSTIN, Tex., Jan. 28.—The people of Texas are preparing to extend to President Roosevelt a royal welcome when he visits this State next April. There will be a picturesque time in San Antonio during the Rough Riders' reunion, and a movement has been started among the cowboys to welcome the President. He is admired by the people of the Texas ranches, and they want to show how much they think of him by giving him a typical frontier reception.

George Waite, a cowpuncher on the Wilderness Lake ranch, situated south of Uvalde, is interesting himself in the cowboy reception movement. He was Mr. Roosevelt's hunting companion when he visited the "Seven D" ranch near Uvalde in 1892 and slaughtered javalines or wild hogs. There were interesting incidents in that trip which are not contained in Mr. Roosevelt's description of it in "The Wilderness Hunter."

When he made the trip Mr. Roosevelt was a Civil Service Commissioner. One morning in the early part of April, 1892, when W. W. Collier, a banker of Uvalde, arrived at his place of business he found a man dressed in the garb of a hunter sitting on the step of the bank building flipping rocks at something in the street. The stranger introduced himself as Theodore Roosevelt and handed Mr. Collier a letter of introduction.

"I have killed almost every kind of game in this country except a javaline, and I thought I would take a run down here and try my hand at that sport," he said to Mr. Collier.

Mr. Collier says now that if he had ever thought the stranger would some day be President of the United States he would have accompanied him on the hunt, but it was a busy time at the bank and he sent him down to the "77" ranch, on the Nueces River. That was the last Mr. Collier saw of him. Here N. T. Wilson, manager of the "77" ranch, takes up the story.

"I was very busy when the stranger arrived at my ranch," Mr. Wilson said. "I was making a big delivery of cattle and had a number of herds on the road. I was so busy I couldn't have stopped to entertain the President himself. I had been up the road with one of the herds of cattle. When I returned to my ranch I found there a rough and ready sort of chap who introduced himself to me as Theodore Roosevelt. I learned that he had been over on the Tapota ranch, near Seguin, Texas, having been invited there to hunt javalines. The hunt had been without success. I wanted very much to join him in the hunt, but that was out of the question. It was easy to see then that Roosevelt was no ordinary man.

"I turned him over to George Waite, a cowboy, who knew the hog country, and sent them over to the 'Seven D' ranch, telling them to go ahead and hunt as long as they pleased. My recollection is that they killed about half a dozen javalines, some deer and four or five wild turkeys.

"After the hunt Mr. Roosevelt presented to Waite the magnificent rifle he had used on the trip, saying:

"'Here, take this rifle and keep it; all the use I had for it was to kill these hogs; I'm done with it now.'

"I saw very little of Mr. Roosevelt at that time, and I never saw him afterward until the organization of the Rough Riders in San Antonio. One night, while the regiment was at San Antonio, one of my horses was stolen. I traced it up and found that it had been sold to the Government for use as a cavalry horse in the Rough Riders' regiment. I determined to recover the animal if I could. I went to where the regiment was camped and was taken to Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt's tent. As we met I said:

"'I suppose you don't recognize me?'

"His answer was quick as a flash:

"'Oh, yes I do; I hunted hogs on your ranch near Uvalde.'

"The Government brand had already been put on the horse, and I had to be satisfied with getting pay for the animal."

George Waite, the cow puncher who was Mr. Roosevelt's companion on the hunt, says that when he started out he thought it would be another case of guiding a tenderfoot round in search of game, but it did not take him long to find out that Mr. Roosevelt knew as much about ranch business and a good deal more about hunting than he did. Waite had many surprises on the trip.

"You needn't tell me that that feller Roosevelt is from New York," he said to a group of cowboys who were gathered about him in Uvalde, when he came in from the hunt. "Why, he knows more about a ranch than any of us fellers. He ain't no more from New York than I am, I'll bet. More than likely he is a Texas ranchman. I tried to get him to tell me where he learned so much about cattle, but he didn't seem to want to talk about it. And as for hunting, he can give any feller here cards and spades and beat him, when it comes to shooting javalines and deer."

Waite says that Mr. Roosevelt kept him on the go constantly, all the time they were out together.

"He can ride harder and walk further than any man I ever run up against," was the way Waite expressed it when he came in from the hunt.

The cow puncher was overcome with pleasure when Mr. Roosevelt presented him with the handsome rifle. Large sums have been offered to him for the gun since its former owner became President, but Waite says that he would not take $1,000 for it.

Waite has always been a Democrat until he met Roosevelt. He turned Republican when his hunting companion became a candidate for Vice-President and has remained one since.

He will take a big crowd of west Texas cowboys to San Antonio when the President visits that city in April.

Baseball From 8 P. M. Till Midnight.

From the Port Townsend Call.

"The Yukon country went wild over baseball last summer, and crowds attended the games at Dawson twice a week between 8 P. M. and midnight, from May 31 to Aug. 25 last. There were between 3,000 and 4,000 persons at each game, and I take it that nowhere else in the world has the game ever been played at night from 8 o'clock on toward the midnight hour."

So says Sheriff R. J. Eilbeck, who is in California spending the winter. Mr. Eilbeck's home is in Dawson. He is Sheriff of the Yukon territory. He is as enthusiastic about baseball as any irrepressible bleacher, and in the summer time in the land of the midnight sun he says there is a good article of the game produced and some very clever players developed.

Sheriff Eilbeck says that the Yukon territory authorities appropriated $12,000 for fine baseball grounds and that the great American game has entered the Yukon permanently as a night pleasure during the summer months.